The Sketch

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ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

QUITE A FEATHER IN HER CAP!

MADAME MARTA LEGUIZAMON-PONDAL *is the wife of the new Argentine Ambassador to Canada. Her gift for designing her own hats and dresses is quite a feather in her cap, and the all-ostrich frond model she wears in this portrait-study is one of her most brilliant inspirations. She is tall and slim, with dark honey-coloured hair, and her wonderful wardrobe has set all Ottawa femininity agog with excitement and admiration. More photographs of her and her hats appear on another page.*

A

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Treating 'em Rough. The old question keeps on bobbing up—what to do with our girls ? It has always been a bit of a problem, and at times it has been solved in a very arbitrary way. Even a highly civilised people like the Greeks, when there were too many girls in the family, used to leave the new baby out in the snow. (This happened in Bohemia, too, according to Shakespeare—anyhow, it happened to Perdita, and she seemed to thrive on it). But this would be discountenanced nowadays by any up-to-date Child Guidance Clinic. Treat 'em rough, yes—but, dash it all, not pneumonically. No, you cannot settle a girl's career by merely throwing her out with the bath-water. Modern mollycoddle sentiment insists that you train her to be and do something.

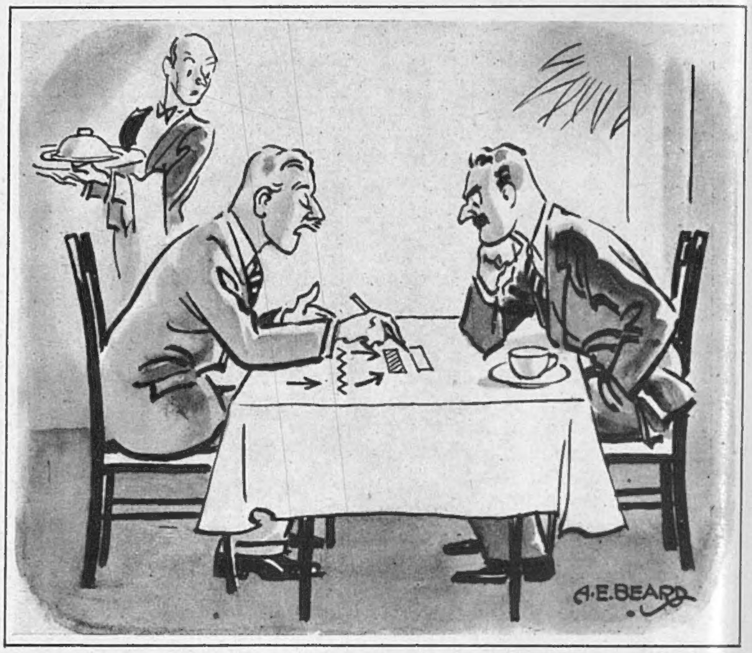
"Gentlemen find these new perfumes irresistible!"

DRAWN BY CANE.

And Dragging 'em Up.

Thus arises the question of education, on which a good many different views have been expressed lately. It was all very well for smug people like Charles Kingsley to tell a sweet maid to be good and let who would be clever; people seem to have the curious notion nowadays that you can be clever *and* good at the same time—an extraordinarily difficult feat, but these new-fangled theorists say it can be done. Anyhow, Kingsley's doctrines have not worked out well. His injunction to make life one grand, sweet song has resulted only in producing a race of females who can emit more soul-shattering noises at the microphone than one would ever have believed could issue from the human throat. So the problem of education remains. Here are millions of young Amazons, who have done a magnificent job during the war—a job quite unprecedented in history—being demobilised into ordinary femininity. Have they been educated aright for civil life, and are their juniors, who cannot (for the moment) be A.T.S., and W.A.A.F.s and W.R.N.s and N.A.A.F.I.s, being "dragged up" aright ?

Arts and Graces. The main subject of controversy is whether girls should be taught "domestic economy"—in other words, cooking and sewing—at school. Should they be good cooks, and let who will be clever ? I take a strong masculine view that from good cooking and sewing (including darning) nearly all the other graces of character and intellect automatically flow. What sort of education did Jane Austen have ? Any School Inspector nowadays would be shocked to the marrow by it; but I have no doubt she was well-grounded in the domestic arts, and that is why she wrote so well. I wonder if she could have passed the School Certificate in Mathematics ? A very old lady told me once as a solemn fact that in her schooling, when they reached vulgar fractions, the subject was omitted as not being quite nice for young ladies. Such were the almost incredible absurdities in feminine education a hundred years ago; and yet those Victorian women were far from unintelligent or ill-informed.



"Now, assuming we've got past the local authorities, here we have the Ministry of Supply entrenched behind the Board of Trade . . ."

DRAWN BY A. E. BEARD.

Some of them wrote letters such as few women seem able to write nowadays—in the intervals, very often, of producing a dozen babies or so.

"No herrings ? How tiresome. I wanted to make myself a Picasso hat." [DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.]

Proof of the Pudding.

I admit I am prejudiced. I admit I *sound* like that common type of jealous, reactionary male who does not like a woman to be "too clever"—usually because he is not very clever himself. That I disclaim ! (So do all reactionary males.) My point is merely that all potential wives should somehow, in their education, get some elementary notion of a wife's job. As a matter of fact, I think they do. I suspect that a lot of this discussion is much ado about nothing. From what I have observed of it, I conclude that a girl's education, in any well-regulated school nowadays, does give her some notion of the domestic arts and crafts. I have seen—yea, and I have even eaten—the products of this branch of education. They may be frightful, but they are in the right direction.

A Wasted Life. It is a fair come-back to say—what about the education of *husbands* ? Bold spirits have asked, why should not boys also be taught to cook and sew ? Why indeed ? Millions of men, in the last six years, have had a painful apprenticeship in menial, scullionly tasks. We are all upwashers now. Why should we be condemned to the lowest functions of the scullery and excluded from the higher flights of the kitchen ? We cannot all be chefs, but we might at least be trained to make an edible substance out of scrambled dried eggs—which is one of the rarest and highest feats of human ingenuity. For myself, I deeply deplore this lack in my education, especially on the cook's worst days. And now it is too late to begin.

" Another Place." There are other problems, like the education of girls, which are hardy perennials, and perhaps the hardiest of them all is the House of Lords. Once again it is hovering over the melting-pot. I don't know why it should have got in bad again, because it seemed to be doing rather well lately.

The House of Lords, throughout the war,
Did nothing in particular,
But did it very well.

There was never a truer word spoken. If a legislative chamber is to be judged by its debates—and I suppose that is a fair test—the House of Lords leaves the House of Commons at the post ; which seems to mean that the Upper Chamber, in practice at least, though perhaps not on paper, is not just an amusing Drones' Club of Bertie Woosters, Gussie Threepwoods and Catsmeat Potter-Pirbrights.

Dead, But Won't Lie Down. Do, for goodness' sake, let us retain a few of our wholly irrational, unjustifiable institutions. They always work best in this country, probably because we are an irrational and unjustifiable people—or maybe because they are the products of history, which is frequently irrational and unjustifiable, and sometimes quite naughty. It would be an appalling thing if anybody tried to rationalise the British Constitution ! I am far from saying that the House of Lords is incapable of improvement—I know dozens of Dukes who, though good pals, are indifferent legislators—but don't let us try to make it scientific. I hate to add, though in candour I must do so, that the House of Lords is not quite as medieval as it seems. In sordid fact, it does a lot of hard work which nobody ever hears about, and it does it all the better because it is not obliged to go a-wooing the free and independent electors every five years. It gets no credit, but why should it, since every peer, when not rolling in gold or wallowing in champagne, is grinding the faces of the poor ? So don't let's waste any sympathy on them.

Daily Dozen. It is ironical to think that these haughty, moss-grown noblemen live in their rococo palaces, with gold plate on the table, ordering their serfs about and oppressing widows and orphans for sheer sport—and yet they cannot get a new-laid egg for money, and certainly not for love. In order to get a new-laid egg for breakfast—anyhow, in order to get a dozen new-laid eggs for breakfast—it is necessary to be a Distinguished Commoner and to take a trip to Florida. I never before associated Florida with eggs — though I believe there have been a few bad ones there from time to time—but rather with luscious grape-fruit and golden oranges. Mr. Churchill, however, is finding that eggs grow on every tree. He is like that lucky sort of person whom we all remember in the

" Sign here, please."
DRAWN BY ERIC PETERS.

" Is there a patient in the house ? " [DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.]

fairy tales ; he just wished for an egg, and the egg (frequently of gold) was on his plate ; or like the Swiss Family Robinson who, when they needed an egg or two for the omelette, always found them under a handy bush. However, in a long experience of public life, I dare say that politicians become accustomed to unsolicited gifts of eggs. May I remind the Rotarians of Florida, who are responsible for this generous gesture, that there are other people besides Mr. Churchill who are a little tired of the dehydrated variety ?

Hymn of Hate. Not all good intentions are as successful as those of Rotarians. Hymns are commonly supposed—whatever their poetic merits or demerits—to make for righteousness ; and yet there are circumstances in which they may arouse evil passions. Thus, there was in Victorian times a pious Scottish Lord Chancellor who had a trick of humming hymns wherever he went. This irritated the Master of the Rolls, who, though very strong in his law, was notoriously weak in his aspirates. On one occasion he was heard to observe, as the Lord Chancellor approached : " 'Ere comes that 'orrible old 'umbug, 'umming 'is 'ideous 'ymns." Similarly, when a clergyman recently relayed hymn tunes in stentorian tones from his church, a secularly-minded

[*Continued overleaf.*

The one-hundred-and-thirty-fourth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of " The Sketch " is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"They say we are not the only pebbles on the beach!"

DRAWN BY BOAST.

railwayman, instead of feeling a better man, complained that his sleep was so broken and his nerves so jangled that he nearly caused an accident. Possibly, in the circumstances, the hymn which affected him most was "Through the night of doubt and sorrow." Anyhow, the magistrates, with sorrow but without doubt, imposed a fine of ten shillings. A hard world!

Honour is Satisfied. Even in politics motives are sometimes misunderstood and misinterpreted. In this country, with its tame, spiritless manners, politicians become resigned to that deplorable fact and seldom vindicate themselves with the spirit of their ancestors. You never get people nowadays saying "Take away that bauble!" in the House of Commons, and it is many a long day since there was a really spirited free-for-all on the floor of the House. It is far different in other countries. I was only once present (in olden times) in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and the order of the day consisted solely of applications by Deputies to take legal proceedings against fellow-Deputies for assaults committed in the Chamber the day before. In the Argentine they have an even more dignified procedure. I see that a Minister has recently resigned in order to fight a duel with a political opponent. Well, God defend the right! I think that a few encounters at dawn in Palace Yard might raise the tone of our politics, and I could suggest some interesting matches. For instance—no, perhaps you 're right!

Mixing It. They seem to believe in the old-fashioned methods in Hollywood, too. I read of a "dawn brawl" at a gay party where they seem to have mixed it in more senses than one. The scuppers ran red with blood, and one tough guy is described as "standing there like Tarzan." (Not very complimentary to Johnny Weismuller, who, of course, was not within a thousand miles of this gathering). But a competent screen actress is equal to an occasion like that. She knows how to "make," whether the camera is shooting or not. She just went up to the tough Tarzan-guy and said: "You dreary, dreadful actor—if you want to fight, hit me!" Actors ere now have had worse epithets applied to them than "dreary, dreadful," but they were enough to subdue the tough guy. "You win, baby," said he, and they all kissed and made friends. Altogether, a pretty good sequence. The host's comment was: "There were fights round here all the time—we had a nice party." *Ce n'est pas gaie, la vie d'artiste!*

De Haut en Bas. More boons and blessings threaten us in the Brave New World. The latest is radio not merely on the air, but *in* the air. "Flying radio stations" are to cruise 30,000 feet above us and "shoot" downwards a sort of shrapnel of television programmes and sound programmes. There will be one over the centre of England and another over Scotland, and the bombardment, apparently, is to be "round-the-clock"; but just to make sure that nobody misses anything we shall all, of course, be provided with walkie-talkies lest there should be a single moment of our lives undisturbed by blare and blither. I foresee the day when we shall long for some good, honest H.E.s or doodlebugs from the overworked ether. At least we should be allowed a few private A.-A. batteries to defend ourselves to the death.

Wonderful World. Stop-press from the Wonderful World: eight hens were sent to be dry-cleaned for a poultry exhibition. Five won prizes. All now lay snow-white eggs. Simultaneously, a wandering swan has been taken in as a boarder in a cats' home. Passed to you, please, Mr. Ripley.

"No, as a matter of fact it 's not a van Gogh. It 's one of Gerald's early efforts."

DRAWN BY BEAR.

Here Mme. Leguizamon-Pondal wears an ample butterfly bow of crisp white silk.

This tailored, buckled hat of Puritan descent goes with her ocelot-trimmed street costume.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MME. MARTA LEGUIZAMON-PONDAL, for making herself high hat but charming too.

A cluster of roses climbs sky-high.

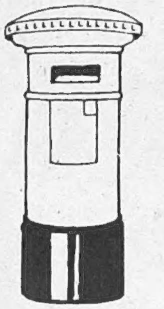
Tall feather gives uplift to a grey topper.

EVERY hat that she wears on this page, and each dress, was designed by MME. MARTA LEGUIZAMON-PONDAL herself, besides the ostrich-feather creation on our front page. The wife of the Argentine Ambassador to Canada, like most women of the Latin-American countries, is very *chic*, but in her case it is a quite personal *chic*, since the hats are modelled by the makers from her own sketches, drawn to suit her individual taste. She likes a high hat and a big hat, and how they all become her! "Walk down Florida Street—that 's the Fifth Avenue of Buenos Aires—any day in the week," says madame, "and you will see thousands of well-dressed women." Though Argentinian women have quite recently become politically conscious, their dress-consciousness is still in the ascendant; they feel better and brighter in a new hat.

Cocks' feathers wave in a pride of iridescence.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Charles is on the committee of the peculiar Hunt which functions in this part of the world, and one evening last week he came home and announced that we were going to a Hunt Ball.

"When ?" I said.

"To-morrow," said Charles.

"To-morrow ? But I can't. I 'm growing my hair."

"Then thank God you 'll have to have it cut off again," said Charles, who has a phobia about women's hair touching their collars at the back.

"I haven't got a frock."

"Nonsense, Henrietta," said Faith, who was in our house at the time, and who was much more excited about the Hunt Ball than I was. "You 've got lots of evening dresses eating their heads off in your cupboard."

"I 'm too thin to wear evening dresses. The last time I put one on, Charles said, 'When I embrace thee, I embrace a thistle'—like the man in 'Chu Chin Chow.' It 's very depressing to have that sort of thing said to one."

"Trying not to disarrange my hair."

"You are talking wildly, Henrietta," said Faith. "Calm yourself. I will make an appointment for you with Madame Betty," and she went away.

I looked at Charles, who was moodily drinking his before-dinner whisky. "Well," I said, "the sound of John Peel's horn brought somebody from his bed, but I never thought the sound of any horn would bring you from your fireside in this weather."

"It is my duty," said Charles, from between clenched teeth.

"Perhaps the moth has got into your tail-coat," I said.

"Do you think it might?" said Charles, brightening visibly, and we went to look.

But alas ! Charles's tail-coat proved to be in excellent condition. "If you had let me have it for a Little Black Suit when I asked you to," I said, "this would never have happened."

"Well, it 's too late now, Henrietta," said Charles. "We 've got to go through with the thing," and he looked so miserable that I kissed him and said perhaps it wouldn't be as awful as he thought. Then I went off to dish up the dinner, singing "John Peel" to get myself into the right frame of mind for a Hunt Ball. Charles poked his head round the kitchen door to say that it wasn't "coat so gay," but "coat so grey," and that John Peel had hunted on foot. This rather damping information silenced my song, and we ate our dinner in an atmosphere of unrelieved gloom.

My appointment with Madame Betty was at nine o'clock next morning, and I had to hurry off without my third cup of tea and with the nagging thought at the back of my mind that I hadn't cleaned the bath. I found Faith waiting for me there, with the light of battle in her eye. "Now !" said she and Madame Betty together.

Anybody who has tried to grow their back hair from scratch, so to speak, knows that it is a difficult and depressing procedure, and my heart sank when Madame Betty seized the scissors and, with half-a-dozen skilful snips, removed three-months high endeavour.

"I think a slight perm and an upward sweep, *so* !" said Madame Betty.

"Lovely," said Faith.

I was washed, Robert, I was permed, I was washed a second time, I was combed in an upward sweep, five hundred small hairpins were fastened into my back hair, and I was put under the Dryer, where I fell into an exhausted sleep and Faith went off to buy some fish.

The rest of the day I spent nervously with my head tied up in a handkerchief, trying not to disarrange my hair. Charles came home late and cross, and at once became very hysterical about putting on a stiff shirt. I had to warm one at the fire before he could be coaxed into it. At seven Lady B. and Faith came round to give us what they called the once-over. They told Charles that he looked ravishing, and, greatly cheered by their praise, he went away and mixed some drinks. Then they turned to me. "You can't go to a Hunt Ball in your cardigan," they said.

"I can, and I will."

"But why, Henrietta ?" wailed Faith.

"Because I 'm cold."

"You won't be cold when you get there."

"I shall be colder," I said. "You know that place."

"Leave her alone," said Charles, coming in with a tray of cocktails. "I think the Old Visage is looking better than usual. Well, here 's to merriment."

"Tally-ho," I said sadly, and held out my glass for more.

The drive into our Cathedral City seemed longer and colder than usual. In spite of a hot-water bottle on my knee, I felt myself turning an unbecoming blue. Charles alluded frequently, and with increasing nostalgia, to his armchair and fireside. When we arrived, the Hunt Ball was in full swing. "Charles !" shouted a group of young men in the hall. "Charles, darling !" cried three lovely girls floating down the stairs. "Well, if it isn't Doctor Charles !" said somebody else. Charles's hat and coat were snatched from him, and he was whirled into the ball-room.

"They told Charles that he looked ravishing."

I peeped in at the door. A band was playing very loudly, and there seemed to be a great many too many women sitting round the walls with strained expressions on their faces. "No," I said to myself. "NO."

The lounge in our Cathedral Hotel is a fascinating place. It gives one the impression that it is a long way under the sea. Guests lie about inert in large black chairs, their faces gleaming faintly green in the dim light, and when they open their mouths one expects to see threads of bubbles float up to the ceiling. There was a roaring fire when I looked in at the door, and one of the large black chairs in front of it was empty. I flew, or rather swam, to it, and sank down with a happy sigh. "Some sort of dance going on here to-night," said the fish in the next chair, his eyes as round as a cod's.

"A Hunt Ball."

"What 's the difference between a Hunt Ball and any other sort of dance ?"

"Not much, except that some people wear pink coats, and sometimes they make hunting noises and throw bread."

"Ah. And why do they say pink when they mean red ?"

"That I couldn't tell you," I said, and closed my eyes in peaceful slumber.

It was after midnight when Charles, with his tie under one ear, woke me up. "Let 's go home, Henrietta," he said, in a hoarse and exhausted voice.

"Good-bye, Charles !" shouted the young men in the hall. "Next time you must bring your Missus."

Faith rang me up early next morning. "Did you enjoy yourself ?" she said.

"My dear Faith, I was the Belle of the Ball."

"What ? In your cardigan ?" said Faith.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

"Bubbles float up to the ceiling."

The lure of writing palls before versatile MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S *favourite pastime. Paint-box, tubes, brushes travel with him wherever he goes, and this picture shows him recording a view from one of the windows of the Miami Beach Club, Florida, during his Victory vacation. High priority subject with Mr. Churchill is landscape; when in Italy last year he and Field-Marshal Lord Alexander sat competitively together at work on the same angle of a view. On his arrival in New York the quick-fire reporters asked him if he were going to paint pin-up girls, he said he did not paint figures; his love was landscape. But when he and Mrs. Churchill visited Parrot Jungle in South Miami he saw some brilliant specimens which tempted him to become a bird painter.*

THREE OF A CRAFT.

Celebrated French painter MAURICE UTRILLO *gave his wife* LUCILLE VALORE *sittings for a portrait, and it is said that she may become a famous painter too.*

*Though primarily a landscape painter—and one who hardly ever fails to insert a white house somewhere in his landscapes—*UTRILLO *does occasionally paint portraits. His wife* LUCILLE *sat to him.*

PAMELA MAY *will alternate with Margot Fonteyn in the exacting rôle of Princess Aurora in the revival of Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Princess" with which Covent Garden Opera House will reopen on February 20. The first night is to be honoured by the presence of the King and Queen.*

MRS. ARTHUR SEROCOLD, *daughter of Mr. Justice and Lady Cohen, is to marry the Hon. Peter Samuel, M.C., second son of Viscount Bearsted, on March 20.*

LIEUT. JOHN McVITTIE T. MORESBY, R.N.V.R., *grand-son of the late Admiral J. Moresby, married* MISS JANET GREENLEES, *younger daughter of Mr. T. G. Muir, M.C., Procurator Fiscal of Midlothian, a Murrayfield Parish Church.*

PICTORIAL PAGES FROM A LONDONER'S DIARY,

The marriage of FLIGHT LIEUT. D. H. L. WIGAN, R.A.F.V.R., *son of Brig.-General and Mrs. Wigan,* MISS ANNE HEYWORTH, *daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Heyworth and of the Ho Mrs. Freeman-Thomas. The bridesmaids were* SARAH WIGAN, *the* MISSES PENELOP HENDERSON *and* JEAN STIRLING-STUART. FLIGHT LIEUT. J. ASTOR *was best ma*

MME. GUSEV, *wife of the Soviet Ambassador, opened the Soviet Theatre Exhibition of stage models, puppets and designs.*

VISCOUNT HARCOURT *married* MRS. ELIZABETH GIBBS, *widow of Mr. Lion Gibbs, and daughter of Sir Harold Snagge, at Caxton Hall Register Office.*

MISS CAROL LYNNE, *who is to play the lead in C. B. Cochran's forthcoming show "Big Ben," opening Manchester April 17, married* MR. BERNARD DELFONT, *the well-known impresario, at Caxton Hall Register Office. They had a swell three-tier cake.*

The marriage of MISS VALERIE ANN DOREEN VLASTO *to Lieut. Donald John Ross, Scots Guards, only son of the late Mr. Andrew Ross, was fixed for February 2.*

After he had opened the Navy League's Naval Art Exhibition at the Suffolk Street Galleries in aid of the Sea Cadets' Corps, MR. A. V. ALEXANDER, *First Lord of the Admiralty, examined the works on view.*

The marriage of LADY GILLIAN DRUMMOND, *youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Perth, to* LIEUT. J. MURRAY ANDERSON, *Seaforth Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Anderson, of Old Surrey Hall, East Grinstead, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bride wore a dress of old Chinese silk brocade.*

INCLUDING WEDDINGS AND NOTABLE EXHIBITIONS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL LORD GRENFELL *married* MISS IRENE LILIAN CARTWRIGHT, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. C. Cartwright, of Buenos Aires.*

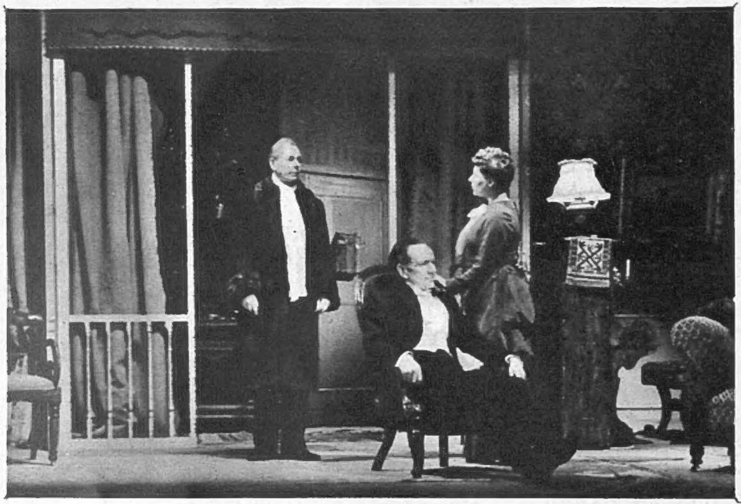
LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, *Superintendent-in-Chief, St. John Ambulance Brigade, with a patient after she had unveiled a cot at St. Mary's, Paddington.*

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

SOME plays exact a certain physical intimacy between actors and audience. Ibsen's "A DOLL'S HOUSE" is certainly one of these—a play in which the audience ought ideally to get right inside the tight little box of a house and sense, not only each change of temperature in the living-room, but every footfall in the adjoining study and up the frosty path which leads to the front door. But the Winter Garden Theatre, at which this great play is now revived, was built for another purpose, and we gaze at the actors across an orchestra pit wide enough to delay an armoured division; upon the far side Mrs. Helmer paces a living-room so enormous that one might suppose her to be in training for the Ladies' 440 yards rather than confined in the stuffy little cabin appropriate to a struggling provincial lawyer. Given, again, an audience which had apparently come in the expectation of seeing a wrestling-match or show of Javanese freaks, it will be seen that Ibsen and Miss Angela Baddeley might have had a hard time. But between them they subdued the coughers and the gigglers; in the first two acts it was Mr. Abraham Sofaer who chilled the heart and exacted an awed silence by his playing of Krugstad, but all the time Ibsen was quietly making his points, building up for the great scene of the tarantella and the final quiet colloquy in which Mrs. Helmer takes leave of her husband.

Fifty years ago the play derived its knock-out punch from the mere fact of the wife cold-bloodedly walking out on her husband; now that our interest has shifted away from this everyday occurrence, we are more able to admire the mastery with which Ibsen reveals to us the sustaining mirage, so fatal to Mrs. Helmer's happiness, of the all-forgiving, selfless husband. Mr. John Stuart had not perhaps enough edge, for so big a theatre, in the opening scenes; but when he came to the great male bellow ("I 'm saved! I 'm saved!") he was impressive enough. The play now seems weakest in its stress upon the terrors of usury; and Miss Baddeley moved us more when her heart, rather than her pocket, was at stake. Mr. Ginsbury's adaptation consisted mostly



A new version of Ibsen's masterpiece "A Doll's House," at the Winter Garden, stars ANGELA BADDELEY *as Nora and* JOHN STUART *as Torvald;* OLIVER JOHNSTON *is Dr. Rank. The translation is a new one by Norman Ginsbury; and the play is directed by Noel Willman.*

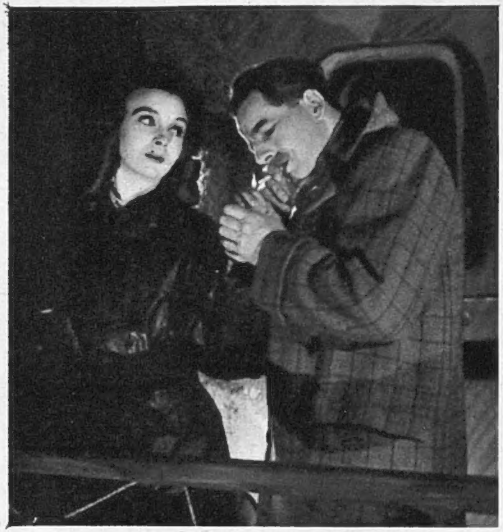
in the insertion of pointless modernities like "having a high old time"; these seemed doubly out of place among costumes which were, if anything, historically exact, rather than kindly to their wearers. This gallant revival ends on February 9, and is well worth seeking out.

At the Lyric, Hammersmith, Mr. Jan de Hartog grapples with themes of Ibsenian stature in his "DEATH OF A RAT." This lively young Dutch dramatist has, in fact, no lack of courage, and the play itself, for all its obvious crudities, has the virtue of stirring up serious subjects. It is the story of a young girl who, though physically ravaged by consumption beyond the normal bounds of survival, manages to hang on to life by sheer force of loving; she has also periodical hallucinations in which she foresees the future. Mr. de Hartog finely disregards every sort of literal truth, and as finely achieves his own brand of theatrical truth—the truth, that is to say, which convinces one during the performance and lingers afterwards only as an agreeable gas of excitement. Miss Pamela Brown, one of the best dramatic actresses in the country, gives a genuine sense of high adventure to what, in other hands, might seem pretentious guff; and Mr. Robert Harris lavishes his gifts of voice upon the very long and mainly passive part of her lover. Mr. Harris is required, in fact, to suggest for two-and-a-half hours that he is on the point of saying or doing something astonishing, without ever doing or saying it. Mr. Alastair Sim makes no pretence of being a Dutchman; but his Scottish professor marvellously relieves what might otherwise be an unmanageable tension. This performance is a masterpiece of comedy, and yet one which contrives to suggest all manner of fine things—the grandeur of abstract thinking, for instance, and the selflessness of a great doctor. Mr. de Hartog's great fluency as a dramatist carries him over some awkward places, and the evening remains a feast of good acting.

Miss Pamela Brown was formerly the staunch central pillar of the Oxford Repertory, and every week put up a braver display than most actresses could

CLAIRE LUCE *plays Mary Queen of Scots in Clifford Bax's "Golden Eagle" at the Westminster. Rizzio* (JOHN BYRON) *entertains her on the lute, with Mary Beaton* (MARY HONER), *Mary Carmichael* (ANN FARRER), *and Darnley* (DAVID READ) *listening. The incidental music and two songs were specially composed for the production by Sir Arnold Bax, Master of the King's Musick.*

show after three months of rehearsal. A visit to this repertory's performance of "JONAH AND THE WHALE" did not reveal another actress of such quality, but it yielded a delightful evening, embellished with all the dashing scenic effects conjured by Mr. Bridie's stage directions. Jonah in the belly of the whale did perhaps look like someone lost in a ruined marquee; but the theatre put on a magnificent storm, and the salons of Nineveh might have come out of a novel by Lord Lytton. Mr. Bridie, so much better in repartee than in rhetoric, found in the Bible a better plot than he usually thinks up by himself, and a large company found evident pleasure in the recital of his lines. Nor did it require any exceptional gifts of sight or judgment to distinguish in Miss Isabel Dean a young player possibly of great talent and certainly of uncommon charm.



Jan de Hartog's "Death of a Rat" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is set in Amsterdam just before the German occupation. Yolan (PAMELA BROWN) *is a girl so affected by tuberculosis that it is only her love for Dr. Wilts* (ROBERT HARRIS) *which keeps her alive, and it is his kiss which kills her.*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY SEASON OF REPERTORY (New). "BLITHE SPIRIT" (Duchess). "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (Strand). "HAPPY AND GLORIOUS" (Palladium). "PRIVATE LIVES" (Apollo). "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (Globe). "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "GAY ROSALINDA" (Palace). "SWEETER AND LOWER" (Ambassadors). "SIGH NO MORE" (Piccadilly). "ME AND MY GIRL" (Victoria Palace). "THE RIVALS" (Criterion). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "THE YEARS BETWEEN" (Wyndham's). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "FOR CRYING OUT LOUD" (Stoll). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" (Coliseum). "THE HASTY HEART" (Aldwych). "BIG BOY" (Saville). "NO MEDALS" (Vaudeville). "DUET FOR TWO HANDS" (Lyric). "LADY FROM EDINBURGH" (Playhouse). "SEE HOW THEY RUN" (Comedy). "MADAME LOUISE" (Garrick). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "MERRIE ENGLAND" (Princes). "FINE FEATHERS" (Prince of Wales). OPERA SEASON (Sadler's Wells). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall).

PANTOMIMES: "CINDERELLA" (Adelphi). "ALADDIN" (Cambridge). "PETER PAN" (Scala). "THE GLASS SLIPPER" (St. James's).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"SARATOGA TRUNK," packed three years ago in Hollywood, was opened at Warner's Theatre last week, and proves to have something in it for everybody's taste, except the exigent few who look for a touch of greatness in their pictures.

This big, handsome, sprawling, crowded story follows Edna Ferber's novel pretty closely, and has for leading characters two of the types she does best —the bustled belle and the romantic gambler. To fashionable New Orleans in the 1870's comes a gorgeous Creole adventuress, Clio, with her dwarf servant and her faithful mulatto nurse. Clio has one object in life—to take out her spite on society by disgracing the family name, and winning for herself the protection of a rich and aristocratic husband. This she is eminently competent to do, since she is as calculating a young piece as Scarlett O'Hara, and has the added advantage of a Paris education.

While getting under the skin of New Orleans society with her extravagant clothes, her outrageous airs, and her sizzling little French-Creole songs, Clio falls in love with a Texas gambler named Clint Maroon, and lets him have the use of her bedroom suite. When Clint, who has old-fashioned ideas about honour and love, finds her brazen calculations too much for him and leaves her, Clio follows him north, and in rich, snobbish Saratoga finds new hunting-grounds. She sets her cap at the richest snob in the place, and plans to announce their engagement at a costume ball. But before the night of the ball arrives, all sorts of things have happened, including a running fight between Clint's gang and another gang on a railway line, and in the end a subdued Clio finds she can't get the gambler out of her blood, and doesn't want to.

Ingrid Bergman, looking ravishing in a dark wig and snugly-moulded bustle and bodice, and Gary Cooper, in impeccable riding costume, with a white cowboy hat and skin-tight breeches, bicker and fight and smooth up to each other with an ease and charm that will delight a million fans; and although their characterisations don't go very deep, give a polished surface study of hot romance. The period atmosphere seems sufficiently convincing to one who can't claim to have a first-hand knowledge of the 1870's. There is a nice crackle of silk and a fuss of bombazine. The coming and going of these people seems purposeful, even though the purpose is facile and fugitive. Some of the minor characters, too, are startlingly lifelike, particularly Florence Bates's study of a professional chaperon. In my view it is an error to suppose, as Mr. Pascal did in "Cæsar and Cleopatra" and Mr. Sam Wood does in the present picture, that the peculiarly British talents of my dear and respected Flora Robson are suited to a rôle in black-face. Honestly though Miss Robson struggles with the emotions of Clio's coloured nurse, Angélique, she can never quite get over the suggestion that the colour stops short at the neck.

"THE DOLLY SISTERS" (Gaumont and Marble Arch) is the story, or at least *a* story, of the celebrated Hungarian immigrant twins who startled the theatre-going public of two continents around the time of the first World War. On the authority of the script-writers, John Larkin and Marian Spitzer, we have it that Miss Jenny and Miss Rosie Dolly were Arcadian nymphs, with apple-blossom cheeks and spun-sugar hair, who passed unscathed through the perils of big-city life. It seems that the more Arcadian twin, Miss Jenny, fell in love with and married a song-writer named Harry Fox, whose career appeared to be solely dedicated to the composition of a tune entitled "I 'm Always Chasing Rainbows." (It was called by a different name in the days of Frederic Chopin.) Although temporarily sundered by the incident when Jenny most reasonably refused to come home from Paris on a troop train with Harry and the American Army of Occupation, the Foxes were, in modern film jargon, forever in love. And the film ends beautifully with husband, wife and sister reunited on the stage at a big benefit performance, still optimistically chasing rainbows.

I do not see how "The Dolly Sisters" can fail to be a furious success. It has all the staple qualities of a musical of this type; it is glossy, luxuriant, sentimental, nostalgic and photographed in surprisingly good Technicolor. Betty Grable and June Haver may not closely resemble the original Dollys, but their own style is not without its box-office value. That pleasant young actor John Payne, back from the wars, plays Harry Fox. The neatest trick of the week, I should say, is his practice of sitting down to the piano, and promptly producing the effect of a sixty-piece orchestra.

Charles Laughton is the real star of the new Deanna Durbin film, "BECAUSE OF HIM" (Leicester Square). Because of him it is not entirely a bore, although it remains a trifle. Mr. Laughton plays a temperamental actor who is a gorgeous skit on all temperamental actors. His affectations of speech, manner, dress and mood are clearly studied from the life, and it is an even guess which has the best of the fun, Mr. Laughton or the audience. Miss Durbin appears as a waitress who dreams of becoming an emotional actress, although heaven knows she seems to be doing well enough out of the hash-slinging business, to judge by her apartment and her wardrobe. At all events, this little ninny prevails on Mr. Laughton, by reflectively singing "Danny Boy" while he is telephoning for a taxi, to engage her as his leading lady in a dramatic piece entitled "Strange Laughter." We are treated to a stall's-eye view of the big emotional scene on the first night, and in spite of Mr. Laughton's assurance that "she's good, she 's wonderful, she 's on the threshold of a great career," I still thought the Durbin performance weak. As well as "Danny Boy," the star sings Tosti's "Good-bye" and "Lover," and that 's all she does sing in the picture. I am beginning to be afraid for Miss Deanna's career, if she persists in substituting poor acting for good singing. After all, there's a threshold going out as well as coming in.

"Because of Him" (Leicester Square Theatre). Kim Walker (DEANNA DURBIN), *stage-struck waitress, secures his autograph from John Sheridan* (CHARLES LAUGHTON), *Broadway idol, and from that moment their names are linked, with variations, to John's fury. Kim lacking experience is made leading lady of a show; author Paul (Franchot Tone) objects; but the play is a hit and Paul's arms open for her.*

"MASQUERADE IN MEXICO" (Plaza) isn't likely to hurt anyone in search of light, casual entertainment; but it isn't likely to do anyone much good, either. Ten minutes after the film starts, Dorothy Lamour is found in Mexico City, deeply involved with a stolen diamond, a good, upright man with an English accent, a frightful cad with a Continental accent, a lady with a passion for arranging bad national ballets, and a pranksome bull-fighter. "Masquerade's" one really funny scene comes right at the beginning, when an opera-singing taxi-driver, beautifully clowned by Mikhail Rasumny, takes Miss Lamour the round of the night-spots, punctuating the tour with descriptive arias. According to Synopsis, Arturo de Cordova, who shares the star-billing with Miss Lamour, "was called upon to give his best comedy performance" as the pranksome bull-fighter.

Based on the novel by Hilary St. George Saunders, "Spellbound" (New Gallery, February 10) owes its background to scientific psychiatry and psycho-analysis. (Left) J. B. (GREGORY PECK) *has lost his memory; is suspected of crime—murder, perhaps. He feels he might be guilty. Dr. Constance Peterson* (INGRID BERGMAN), *psychiatrist, in love with him, is sure he is not guilty; tries to save him. The only clue is the monogram J. B. on his cigarette-case. He tells her he is not Dr. Edwardes, who is supposed to have been murdered. (Right) There are police officers at the house of Brulov* (MICHAEL CHEKHOV) *seeking details of his known quarrel with Edwardes. Constance introduces J. B. as her husband, says they cannot get a hotel room; can they stay with Brulov?*

WIFE OF THE MAN AT THE HELM IN FRANCE.

MME. FÉLIX GOUIN is the wife of the man who has courageously taken the helm in France in an attempt to steer that distracted country into peaceful economic waters, to fight the Black Market and get some kind of order into the State generally. A week after General de Gaulle's resignation it was announced that M. Félix Gouin (Socialist), formerly President of the Assembly, had succeeded in forming the second

[Continued below.

MME. GOUIN is fond of works of art, and her house contains some fine pictures including paintings by Renoir, Pissaro and Kisling.

MME. GOUIN, *wife of the new head of the French Government, in her bedroom.*

The wife of the new Prime Minister of France is here giving the once-over to his large collection of ties.

Continued.]
provisional Government of the Fourth Republic after days of trying and difficult Party negotiations. A programme of austerity, sacrifice and retrenchment is being put before the country and M. Gouin and his Government are making an honest effort to face up to the difficult situation. Mme. Gouin, here photographed at her home, is the third daughter of a Marseilles shipbuilder. One of her sisters is married to a Swiss and the other to an Englishman.

Jimmy, the poodle, is an important member of the Gouin household. He can sit up most elegantly.

A RAJPUT CHIEF AND HIS WIFE: THEIR HIGHNESSES OF JAIPUR.

H.H. SARAMAD-I-RAJAHI, MAHARAJA OF JAIPUR, *was born in August 1911: succeeded his father in 1922, and assumed full ruling powers in 1931. He was educated at the Mayo College, Lahore, and underwent a course of training at the Royal Military College, Woolwich. This Rajput Chief is a very fine polo player; in 1933 he brought his team over to England and set up a record by winning all the open tournaments. He has introduced a series of constitutional reforms under which his people will be given an effective voice in the administration of Jaipur State, one of the largest States in Central India. He has also set about rebuilding, cleaning-up and beautifying Jaipur City, widely known as the "pink city of Rajputana."* H.H. THE MAHARANEE *is a sister of the Maharaja of Cooch Behar. They were photographed in their Palace, a splendid series of buildings surrounded by beautiful gardens in the centre of Jaipur City.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

ANN TODD *appears as a musical comedy favourite in her new film, "Gaiety George," based on the life of George Edwardes.*

As Kathryn Davis, musical comedy top- notcher of the old Gaiety days, ANN TODD *has some delightful period frocks to wear.*

"GAIETY GEORGE," Warner Brothers' new picture just completed at Denham, stars Ann Todd as an Edwardian musical comedy leading lady. The story is based on the life and fortunes of that famous theatrical personality, George Edwardes, who reigned supreme at the Gaiety and Daly's through so many successful musical comedy seasons. The story opens with George Howard, ambitious young owner of the moribund Princess Theatre, urging Kathryn Davis, young leading lady of its unsuccessful shows, to collaborate with him in his revolutionary ideas, and star in his new production—

GEORGE KING, *producer-director of Warner Brothers' latest picture, was photographed at rehearsal with the leading lady of the film,* ANN TODD.

The famous beauty chorus of Gaiety girls—hand-p by Matilda Etches in fluff

ANN TODD AS AN EDWARDIAN MUSICAL COMEDY STAR:

***N.B.* A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.**

The traditional musical comedy plot provides ANN TODD *with a soldier-sweetheart in the person of* PATRICK WADDINGTON.

DAPHNE BARKER *(of Jack and Daphne Barker fame) makes her first, and certainly not her last, picture appearance, and is seen with* HAZEL COURT, *another newcomer worth watching.*

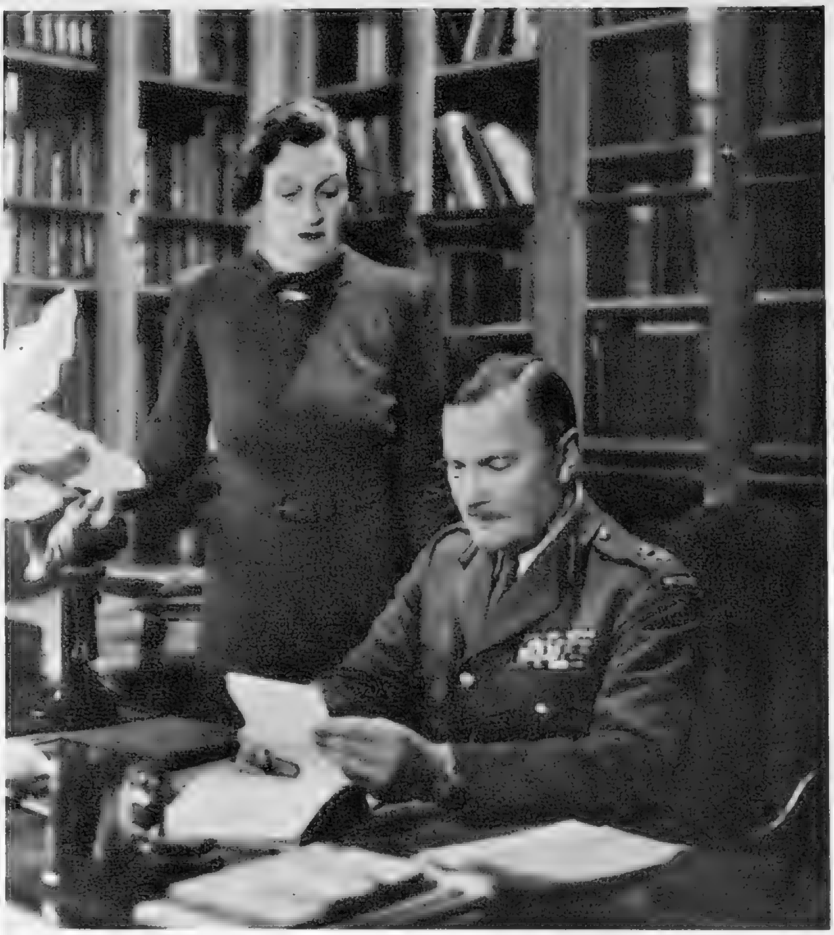
the first "musical comedy." As Kathryn, Ann Todd has a part with a dual interest—that of the dancing star of musical comedy, and, later, of the wise, mature, clear-eyed wife of the mercurial George Howard, who advises and restrains him; and batt[les] at his side through every difficulty. Miss Todd has ach[iev]ed a remarkable portrait of a girl of the Gay Edwardi[a]n period, and both stage and home-life scenes recreate the atm[os]phere perfectly. The famous chorus of Gaiety girls originally recruited from the most beautiful girls in the country, lives up [t]o its reputation.

...d by producer-director George King and dressed ...ou-frou period costumes.

ANN TODD *is used to "growing up" in her films. In the later sequences of "Gaiety George" she is the wise wife of George Howard* (RICHARD GREENE), *impetuous showman.*

...GAIETY GEORGE," NEW FILM OF GREAT SHOWMANSHIP.

NEW ZEALAND'S HERO AND GOVERNOR - GENERAL - DESIGNATE.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR BERNARD FREYBERG, V.C., K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O. *and three Bars, Governor-General-Designate of New Zealand, posed with* LADY FREYBERG, O.B.E., *for these new portraits taken in their London house. When his appointment as Governor-General was announced, the New Zealand Prime Minister, Mr. Fraser, spoke with great warmth of the tremendous enthusiasm with which the General would be welcomed in New Zealand, where he is regarded as the national hero. The grounds of Government House adjoin Wellington College, where he was educated, and where he will always be remembered as "Tiny" Freyberg, the athletic champion. He led the famous New Zealand Division for over five-and-a-half years and was an inspiring leader in battle and a commander whose interest lay always in the welfare of his men. In the 1914-18 war he won the V.C., the D.S.O. and two Bars, and was awarded a third in 1945. Lady Freyberg, who is a daughter of the late Sir Herbert Jekyll, K.C.M.G., has worked tirelessly for the welfare of New Zealand men and women overseas throughout the recent war.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.

OLIVIER.

The Old Vic season at the New Theatre has given the highest proof of the versatility of that most brilliant actor LAURENCE OLIVIER. *In the whole of its repertory, Sophocles' "Œdipus," Sheridan's "The Critic," Shakespeare's "Henry IV.", Tchehov's "Uncle Vanya," Shaw's "Arms and the Man," his performance is stamped with greatness. The proposed visit of the Company for a short season in America this spring is a first-class gesture; we send of our best and it will give Broadway something to think about.* [SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY GRANT MACDONALD.]

The Couturier (JACK BUCHANAN) has a word with the Cocktails Girl (MARGARET McGRATH) in "Girls and Gowns."

NIKI DEMIS leads the Girls in several numbers. She also appears as the Bird of Paradise in the Aviary of the "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds" scene.

MARGARET McGRATH (centre) leads the Russian Cigarette Girls in the decorative "Ending in Smoke" number with lyrics by Phil Park.

"The Plumes of Paris" gives ETHEL REVNELL the chance of appearing as the Queen of the Folies Bergère. Her ample feather crinoline is made up of the Girls and their feather fans.

"Golden Days" is a sketch which introduces with her barrow of oranges, and

WIT, GRACE AND GAIETY

"FINE FEATHERS" at the Prince of Wales Theatre is a gay revue presented by Tom Arnold and starring Jack Buchanan, the dynamic Ethel Revnell and Douglas Wakefield. Everything goes

Like everyone else, the Girls are busy reading " Forever Amber." Their abbreviated modern attire surprises the Restoration lady, the Singer, JEAN INGLIS, *of " Golden Days."*

" He's Coming Home " is one of the topical sketches, given with great verve by ETHEL REVNELL *and* BILLY NELSON.

" Back on the Road " is a fine piece of fooling with a car which has been laid up for the duration. L. to r. are BILLY NELSON, CHUCK O'NEIL, DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD *and* ROY JEFFRIES.

ETHEL REVNELL *as Nell Gwynne, complete* DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD *as Charles II.*

There are many lovely birds in the Aviary of " Fine Feathers." Here MARQUEEZ, *the dancer, appears as the Sugar Bird, surrounded by other charming feathered friends.*

OF " FINE FEATHERS."

with pace and swing, there are lovely clothes, wit and Mr. Jack Buchanan to recall the vanished elegance of " all that ever went with evening dress." The show is devised and staged by Robert Nesbitt.

FRANÇOISE ROSAY AS FOUR WOMEN IN ONE FILM.

As the famous actress : Fanny Helder (FRANÇOISE ROSAY) *is not really welcome at Mme. Chardin's sedate, middleclass tea-party.*

As the hot-blooded Italian : Flora Caretti (FRANÇOISE ROSAY) *fears that she has killed her husband in their drunken quarrel.*

Another study of Françoise Rosay as the Italian peasant woman : Flora Caretti with her husband Giacomo (ETTORE CELLA).

Fanny Helder, the famous actress, in her heyday of beauty : FRANÇOISE ROSAY en grande tenue.

As the old servant who wins a big lottery prize : Tona (FRANÇOISE ROSAY) *comes back to her village as a rich woman.*

"A WOMAN DISAPPEARED," new Jacques Feyder film made in Switzerland during the war, was due for its gala *première* last night, February 5, at the Academy in aid of the Save the Children Fund. Françoise Rosay, who stars in the picture in a quadruple rôle, arranged to come over for the first performance. She appears as Fanny Helder, the beautiful and glamorous actress; as Tona, the peasant servant; as Rose Delvé, the schoolmistress; and as Flora Caretti, the passionate and drunken Italian. Our stills show her in three of these characters. The story tells how these four women disappear, and each is thought to be dead. Actually three are safe, and only one has committed suicide.

OF THE ARTS SHAKESPEARE-TO-SHAW CYCLE.

ALEC CLUNES AS HAMLET.

DOROTHY REYNOLDS AS LADY SNEERWELL.

ALLAN McCLELLAND AS LAERTES.

DOROTHY PRIMROSE AS ANGELICA IN "THE CONSTANT COUPLE."

DEREK BIRCH AS JOSEPH SURFACE

The Festival of English Drama at the Arts Theatre has proved the biggest success which this little playhouse has enjoyed since it came under the direction of Alec Clunes in 1942. The cycle of plays consists of "Hamlet," produced by Judith Furse, sister of stage-designer Roger Furse; Farquhar's "The Constant Couple," with décor by Rolf Gerard, who is to do the setting for the forthcoming Cochran show, "Big Ben"; Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," produced by Christopher Fry, Pinero's "The Thunderbolt" and Shaw's "Getting Married." This programme will continue until the middle of March, and later in the year Alec Clunes plans an International Festival of New Plays from France, Russia, America and England. He has been ill recently, and absent from the company, but is due back in a week or two.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS McBEAN.

OLGA LINDO AS ROSE PONTING IN "THE THUNDERBOLT."

MARGARET VINES AS LADY TEAZLE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By K. JOHN.

WE in this country are now pretty well resigned to the peace. We have accepted the fact that it is peace and no more; that it is and will go on being accompanied by an almost total absence of what were once thought the fruits of victory. Discomfort is unabated; security remains a pious hope; and we are equally without that least substantial of perquisites—the glow of national pride and satisfaction. Perhaps we used it all up after Dunkirk; and perhaps only great adversity could make it excusable. At any rate, there is a firm resolve in our midst that it shall not revive. I cannot think we are now—whatever we may once have been—a complacent people; but certainly we get no encouragement.

"Of Many Men" has not much to say directly about England from start to finish; yet its whole purpose is to disturb and goad. Wolfe has been in Spain. He returns after the outbreak of war with a "notorious" English anti-Fascist, who disappears into the clutches of the Home Office. Wolfe can do nothing for him, and spends the war as a correspondent, anywhere, from Finland to Malaya, where men are fighting. At the end he is still alive—and Shaw still in gaol. So, from Wolfe's point of view, there has been no victory; private life is out of the question, and he must start on another round.

War On All Fronts.

Mr. Aldridge does not exactly labour his theme; it possesses him so firmly that he need not. All the scenes of war, from Norway to New Guinea, from the south of France to Stalingrad, are hard, concrete, memorable in their own right. Even when the moral is enlarged on—never by Wolfe—as in the story of Lady Exley, and of the Italian arrested by Allied officers for shooting Fascists, there is something going on before our eyes; something which we cannot reject. Wolfe sees straight, and he feels strongly; but he would regard it as a betrayal of the cause to see and feel everything. His view of the Finnish Winter War is a good example. As an anti-Fascist, he cannot wish the Finns to hold out till they have involved France and Britain in war with Russia. Therefore he does not "feel the necessity for quick sympathy or particular distress." And so he does not feel them—even without the adjectives. So, again, he admits no recoil, not the briefest, from the idea of shooting men with their hands up. Those who recoil are fools. When a little old German town and all the people in it are blown to dust by Russian mortars, he looks on not merely with approval, since it must be done, but without a qualm. Human feeling should be kept always for one's own side—for they are *right*. And then it should be dumb; only contempt and anger may be articulate.

It is a bleak atmosphere. The levity of all British troops, which has to be reported sometimes, goes out in it, like a candle for want of oxygen. But it is heroic; and there is a challenge in its hard integrity which one cannot ignore.

Indian Tragi-Comedy.

If this writer is terse almost to affectation, Mr. Dennis Stoll brings up the average of expansiveness. He, too, has a challenge—India. The very mention of it is half the battle. But he does not appear to think so, and takes care that all his Indians, unless corrupted by the régime, shall be sweet and harmless, all his English, except Gandhi sympathisers, crass and grotesque. Nor must the English ever gain a point in any dispute. To that extent he is a bad witness; he provokes suspicion. Yet the verdict must be the same. No one can help seeing that he knows a great deal, and that his indignation is righteous.

First he shows us a group of villagers in Southern India. Under British rule they are all poor and in debt; but the system which has broken up their economy has not otherwise affected their way of life. They are a cheerful race, and their world, though primitive, is a garden of faith and poetry. Then one day they are plucked out of it. The village is wanted for an airfield. These simple folk have never heard of the war; but it is useless to lament, and off they trudge in the rain, with nowhere to go.

MR. FRANK SLATER *painted a portrait of* MISS ANGELA BADDELEY *in the 1891 Norwegian period costume she wears as Nora Helmer in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," which is having a short run at the Winter Garden.*

Somehow—it scarcely matters how, for "The Dove Found No Rest" is weak on plot—they find themselves in the "great cotton city": India *à l'anglaise*. In this inferno they are lost. The place is bound to make fools of them if they keep the old standards, worse fools if they are seduced and try to conform. True, in revenge they make fools of the English, unconsciously. Nothing in the book is more telling than the way mere juxtaposition shows up all the vulgarity of the master race. But the vulgarians hold sway; and their gift to the children of the soil is degradation and squalor, the horrible cotton mills, and death by famine or perhaps a police bullet.

The story is not all bitterness; there is a great deal of peasant comedy, besides the envenomed gibes at all things British. No character, Indian or English, has any substance; but their motions are sprightly, and the scene and feeling keep them alive.

Career Woman.

Bruised national vanity and the stings of conscience find a respite in Marguerite Steen. Not that the world of "Rose Timson" is one we can be very proud of, but it was not designed to make us uncomfortable. And its "problem" does, in fact, leave us calm; especially as Rose, who breaks the law from conviction and because there is a great deal of money in it, seems a poor judge of anything involving human relations. She has divorced a husband so egregious that she will never marry again; and all her vitality is thrown into "making good" for her little girls. Of course, with so much energy she would have to do something; and it would have to be money-making, for her one distinct ideal is to have everything "of the best." But since she does it for the little girls, it becomes a virtue; even shoplifting is all right, for other women can buy their girls the kind of trinket she has to steal. Rose, however, has too much sense to make a habit of shoplifting. Her line is massage; and with so many self-indulgent women about, it pays very well. It also pays to be respectable, and for a long time she keeps strictly within the law. Then comes temptation. She can embark on a career of crime, make a pot of money, and yet be doing, in her own eyes, nothing but good. After much prayer, and meditation on the girls' future, she takes the risk and thrives mightily.

Rose is a genial creature, full of earthy vigour and common sense—an easy-mannered, ruthless, good-hearted woman. Perhaps not quite such a character as she was meant to be. There is a great deal to be said for her code of morals; yet she must be punished, and her natural punishment is failure with the two daughters whom she really adores. She is determined to run them for their own good, thwarts the lovely eldest, so full of promise, in all her doings, and blasts her young love in a frenzy of righteous anger which is half-jealousy—she was more than half in love with the man herself. Afterwards, though Kay has obviously gone off the rails, she cannot see why. It takes the war and the disaster of placid Jo to wreck her whole scheme of things.

The novel is an awkward shape, and partly for that reason the final scene does not quite come off. But in the main it has the vigour and efficiency of its heroine.

Murder Most Natural.

It is a kindness in the detective novelist to supply a victim who needed murdering; as there must be murder, why excite vain regrets? And then, of course, the more odious, the more likely to be bumped off. So Lewis Bishop in "The Black Stage" perishes at dead of night, surrounded by suspects, and unlikely to wring the heart of the most susceptible. He is an adventurer on the eve of marriage with a rich widow; he is about to sell her old home and throw her kindred and dependants on the world. And they are all in the house with him. A lively midnight scene in a thunderstorm—a shot—and from the crowd of possibles the police select Anne Vereker. Her cousin Alistair is recommended to Arthur Crook, vulgarest and most dynamic of his profession; and Crook, in his bumptious way, delivers the goods. I could not give him many marks for that, as even I, for once, had got there; but I greatly enjoyed his company. If only Anthony Gilbert had not been so unkind to the second corpse.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Of Many Men. By James Aldridge. (*Michael Joseph*; 8s. 6d.)
The Dove Found No Rest. By Dennis Gray Stoll. (*Gollancz*; 8s. 6d.)
Rose Timson. By Marguerite Steen. (*Collins*; 10s. 6d.)
The Black Stage. By Anthony Gilbert. (*Collins*; 8s. 6d.)

Pin-up Girl:
No. 45. Alexis Smith.

ALEXIS SMITH, *who looks the personification of carefree youth in her ocelot-patterned two-piece swim-suit, has already had quite a career on the screen. Her first big part was in "The Constant Nymph" with Charles Boyer, and she played in "The Dough Girls." Her latest picture is "San Antonio," but no date's fixed for it as yet.*

HIRE PURCHASE.*

By PETER COURTENAY.

"THIRTY THOUSAND FRANCS. That 's a lot of money these days, you know, Stephan." The girl who spoke had one of those clear, slightly-affected, high-pitched voices that carry so far in a room.

Not that the bar at El Matodor is large. It was one of a hundred Bar Restaurants to be found at Continental watering-places before the war. Gay, cosmopolitan, filled with a fashionable crowd at the right hours, stirring at all hours with a restless few from that peculiar strip of humanity which lies between the high- and the low-tide marks of society.

It was late now and the place was empty, so far as I could see, except for the girl and Stephan, the barman.

" But you will agree, M'moiselle, that it is a lovely ring and even at thirty thousand francs, a bargain. That is a very fine emerald, you know."

Stephan held his hand up to the light. Even from where I was, lolling back in a deep settee in a secluded corner at the far end of the room, I could see the stone flash. It occurred to me that neither of them knew that I was there.

There was more than a trace of his Levantine ancestors in Stephan's wheedling voice, as he went on.

" See how beautiful it would look on your hand, M'moiselle. Put it on."

She held out her hand at arm's length and turned to admire the ring in a better light. I saw then that it was Penelope speaking.

I am never quite sure about Penelope. Tall, she is, with a figure like a page out of a fashion magazine. With dark hair and almost green eyes, she is so striking that everyone knows her by sight. Well-educated, well-dressed, with an abundance of natural charm, she seems to move in both worlds without detriment to herself in either. But sometimes I have wondered whether she is coming in with the tide or slowly ebbing out.

Penelope took off the ring and held it up to the light.

" I repeat," said Stephan, " it is a bargain. It is because you are so good a patron of this bar that I offer it to you first."

" I appreciate that, Stephan."

I chuckled. The inflexion of Penelope's voice was perfect.

" As I say," Stephan went on, " the poor man, the refugee, to whom I lent the money is dead. There is no money to pay me with, there are no relations, so the ring is mine to sell as I like."

" I don't doubt that for a moment, Stephan. But "—Penelope shrugged her shoulders—" I am not giving myself presents costing thirty thousand francs at the moment."

" But why give the present to yourself ? "

Penelope's laugh rang through the room. " I don't know whether to be flattered or insulted," she said. " Who on earth do you think is going to spend thirty thousand francs on me ? "

I could see Stephan shrug his fat shoulders and imagine the sly look in his eyes as he said it.

" The young English Milord perhaps, who was with M'moiselle at lunch to-day."

" Stephan, you 're priceless. Tim Harely, not likely. I shouldn't think he had that much to bless himself with in the world."

There was a more serious tone in Penelope's voice.

I saw Stephan's palms wave. " Come, M'moiselle, make me an offer then."

Penelope handed the ring back. " No," she said, " but if I ever start an antique shop in my old age, I 'll give you a job as manager. You 're wasted as a barman."

She got down from the high bar stool. " I think it 's adorable," she said, " and I 'd love it. But any offer that I could make would be absurd. So unless," she laughed, " you are interested in the instalment plan . . ." She turned to go.

" That is it. That is it. It is the idea of a genius." Stephan was waving his hands in circles with excitement.

Penelope paused at the end of the bar. " What idea ? " she said.

" What you said. The instalment plan. We will have a hire-purchase sale to you of the ring."

" You 're not serious."

I could see that Penelope was startled out of her usual poise into an attitude of genuine surprise.

" Don't be ridiculous," she said. " At the rate that I could afford to give myself presents, it would take nearly the rest of my life."

" But you misunderstand me. I will explain. To-morrow, or the next day we will say, is her birthday. Some admirer is in the bar here with her, and perhaps wishes to buy her a present. I overhear the conversation, excuse myself and produce the ring. Obviously for ten thousand, shall we say, it is a bargain. M'moiselle's friend cannot resist so beautiful a present for her so cheap. Perhaps later you have another birthday. Eh ? "

The oily unction of Stephan's voice had to be heard to be believed. Penelope was standing taut as a bow string.

" Another ten thousand," the voice wheedled on, " and then only one more birthday and the ring is yours."

Stephan finished on a squeak of triumph. " In between times you hand the ring back to me."

I saw Penelope's head come up higher yet, as if to speak.

Stephan hurried on. " I know what you are going to say." He held his hand up. " What will M'moiselle's friend say, if she is not wearing the ring the next day and every day until he goes away. That," he rubbed his fat hands, " I can provide for too. I have an imitation, an exact copy, by chance."

" By chance ? " Penelope's voice was the essence of icy, well-bred incredulity.

" It belonged also to the refugee. For what purpose he had it made I do not know. Maybe," Stephan pursed his lips, " he had borrowed money on it before and did not want his family to know. And we will have a little paper signed, all properly, saying that you are buying the ring from me for thirty thousand francs. That way we are all satisfied." Stephan beamed as he mopped the perspiration produced by enthusiasm on his fat, pink forehead.

Penelope stood staring at him with an expression like a child's who has just seen a toad for the first time. Disgust mingled with curiosity.

I waited for the whip to crack. Poise and self-control won. She laughed softly.

" Stephan," she said, shaking her finger at him. " Stephan, you 're a naughty little man." Then she went through the door on to the terrace.

I slipped out of a side-door into the street.

It was three days before I saw Penelope again. It was early in the evening and the bar at El Matodor was nearly full. She was sitting at one end alone. I was just about to join her when Tim Harely arrived.

" Evening, Pen," he said. " Two very large champagne cocktails, please, Stephan."

Tim is by nature a very quiet and languid person. Something in his voice and the flushed colour of his face made me think.

" To-night," he said, " we celebrate. This afternoon I won, and won a packet too. Zero three times running."

Penelope smiled at him.

The next minute I nearly choked over my Martini.

" That 's grand, Tim," she said, " and celebrate we will, because to-night 's my birthday too. So you can buy me a nice fat birthday present out of your winnings, darling."

The rest was like seeing a play that one has watched being rehearsed. Penelope played her part without a hitch. Stephan too. I felt dazed and slightly ill.

Tim admired the ring. Showed it to a man next to him, pulled out a roll of *milles* and peeled off ten of them.

I could have thrown the contents of my glass into Stephan's grinning face. If I had, it would not have washed the grin away any quicker than Tim's next remark.

" In fact," he said, " it 's such a bargain that I think I 'll keep it for myself." He slipped the ring into his pocket. " To-morrow, my dear," he smiled at Penelope, " perhaps we will go shopping for your birthday present. Good-night, Stephan." And with that he went out.

I nearly choked again at Stephan's face. Words could not describe it. Unknowingly, an American sitting next to me nearly hit the mark five minutes later. " Say, barman," he said, " what in hell have you put in this drink ? It 's nearly as sour as your face."

I wondered many times, in the next few weeks, where Tim Harely could have been to overhear that conversation at the bar, and speculated, too, about Penelope. I could not believe that I had been so badly out in judging form as that.

And then one day a copy of *The Times* provided the solution. Just the usual short account of the marriage of the Hon. Timothy Harely, younger son, etc., to Miss Penelope Lissen, and, heading the list of presents, " Bridegroom to bride. An emerald ring."

I left the paper lying on the bar. It seemed such a pity that Stephan should not know. [THE END.

All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.

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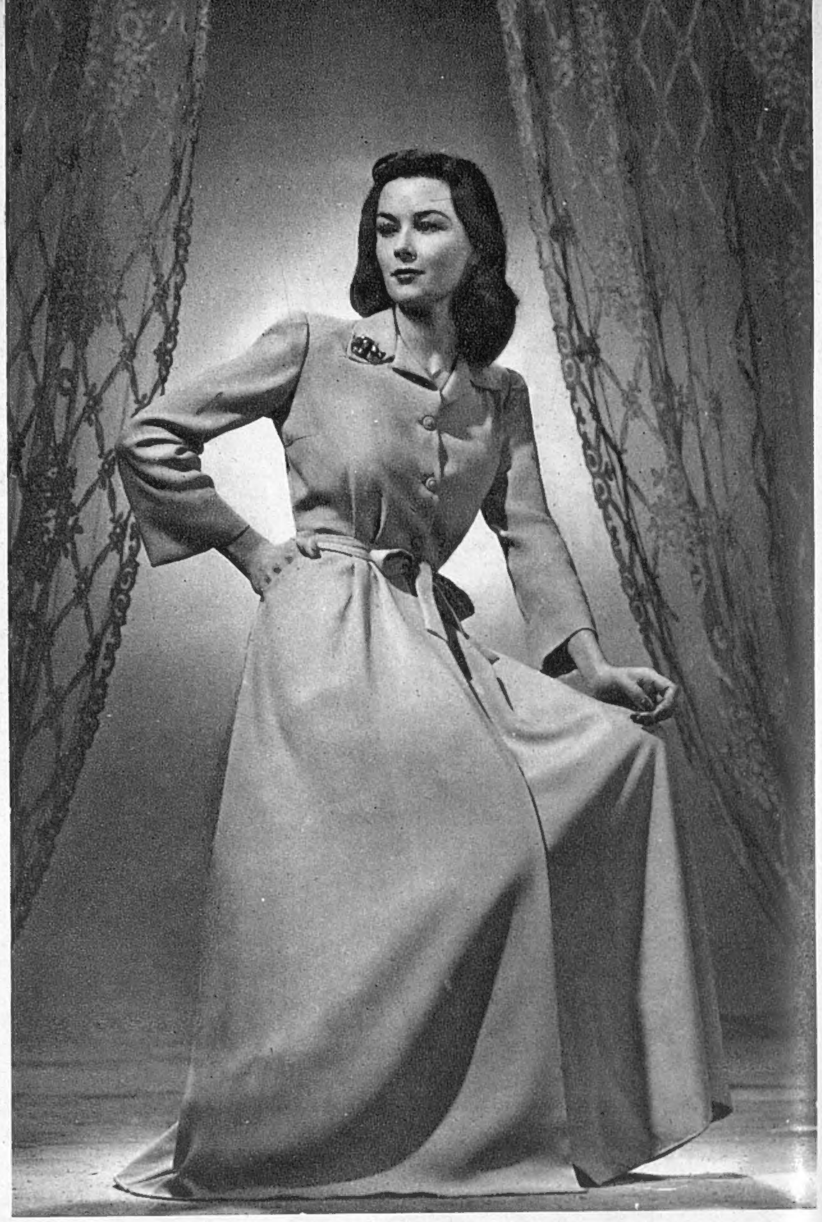

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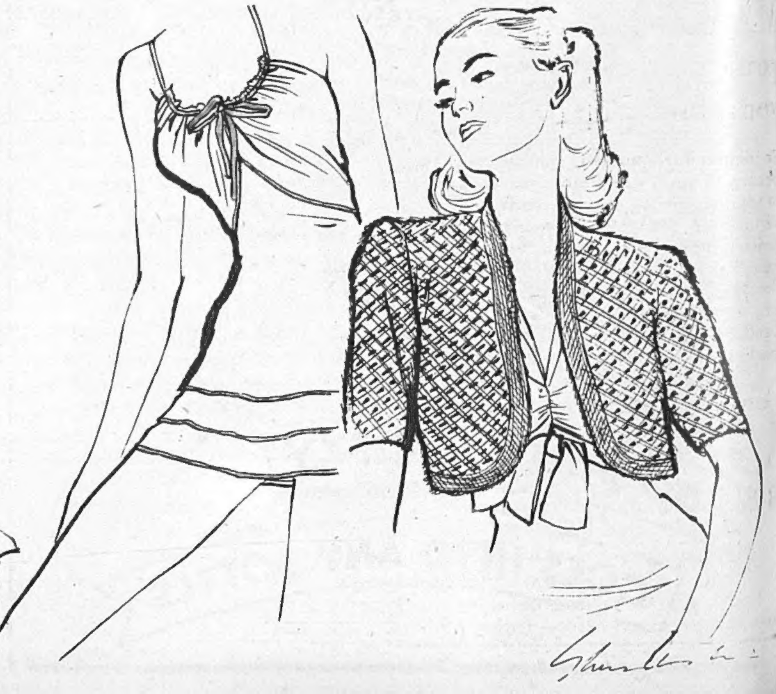

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